The Sun.

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WHY YSEULT SHOT ROSSA.

SHE FREES HER GENTLE MIND TO A REPORTER OF THE SUN.

Thinks O'Donovan is a Charming Fellow, a Little Weak in the Head—She is a Good Shot, Too, But She Was Merciful—She Twice Attempted Suicide in England, and was a Year in a Madhouse—Rossa Sticks to the British Spy Theory—It's a Great Room for Him—They Move Phelan Out of the Hospital Lest the Convalescents Collide

Yseult Dudley, the amiable young English woman who shot O'Donovan Rossa in the back on Monday, slept little in the Oak street station that night. Early yesterday morning she asked the doorman if he could not kindly get her a cup of tea. It was her custom, she said, to drink tea before breakfast every morning. He went out to a restaurant and got tea for her. Later she breakfasted. Little Policeman Jackson came over from the City Hall. Mrs. Dudley put on her gloves, adjusted her cloak and hat, looked down on him placidly, and said she was ready.

They walked past Rossa's den, went over to the City Hall station for a moment, and then walked up to the Tombs, without attracting much attention. Mrs. Dudley was kept waiting a while in Sergeant Grainger's little office.

"Aren't you a soldier?" she asked him.

Grainger replied that he had served many years both in Europe and in the United States.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," she said. "I was much among soldiers."

The complaint was drawn, and Mrs. Dudley was arraigned in the Tombs Court.

A. C. Butts of 12 Centre street appeared for her, and began a personal statement. He said: "Doubts have been cast on my honesty in getting into this case. I want to say right here that I was at my home in Morrisania when I received a despatch, signed P. Edwards, asking me to come down town and defend this woman. I didn't know who P. Edwards was. I came down immediately, as any other lawyer would. The lady has accepted me as her counsel, and I am retained by her."

Mr. Pierrepont Edwards, the British Consul, says that it was not he who sent the telegram to Mr. Butts. When Mrs. Dudley was brought in there were few persons in the court room. She began a stately bow to Justice Patterson when he told her she was charged with shooting Rossa, but cut it short when she found that it appeared to strike the Court as a novelty. A report from Chambers Street Hospital that the wounded dynamiter was asleep and doing well was read. Justice Patterson committed Mrs. Dudley to the Tombs to remain until Rossa can appear against her. Policeman Jackson handed her down into the prison with the most finished courtesy.

MRS. DUDLEY TELLS HER STORY.

They put her in a cell in the women's department, and she consented to see a reporter of THE SUN. Personally, Mrs. Dudley looks the perfect model of a village school mistress, acquainted with algebra and deft in the tuning of ears. Her complexion is very fair and clear; her light-brown hair, of which she has a great deal, is drawn smoothly back from her high forehead, with here and there a stray wisp falling down, only to be brushed severely back as soon as the slight irregularity is discovered. She is tall and very long-waisted, and her black dress is perfectly plain, except for the precise pleats running up and down in front. Notwithstanding her simple attire and lack of coquetry, Mrs. Dudley is pretty; her teeth are white and regular, sparkling brilliantly when she smiled, and it was pleasant to see how solicitous Warden Finn was that she should have enough rest.

Mrs. Dudley smiled kindly through her eyeglasses as she expressed a distaste for being interviewed, and she smiled still more kindly when she at last took the glasses off and agreed to "say a little." Her language was very pure, and with an English accent not stronger than is common among cultivated English people.

"I don't like to be made a matter of news," she said, "but I am willing to tell for my own sake how I shot O'Donovan Rossa. I don't care to say more than that, because I secured bail with him or how long I have known him, but the first time I ever spoke to him was on Saturday in Sweeny's Hotel. There I talked with him for an hour and a half, and learned enough to show that he was as guilty as I thought.

ROSSA'S GUILELESSNESS AMAZED HER.

"Of course, I at first offered him money; that was the groundwork of everything; that is what rendered him dreadfully unsuspicious. Why, it was almost laughable, a child would have had more caution. To think that a man in his position should not have suspected anything! Well, I promised him money, as I said, plenty of it, and asked him what was going on. He said the recent doings in London were satisfactory, but that all the talk that was made public there about dynamiters' plots was intended to throw people off the track. The next buildings to be blown up were Sandhurst Military College, the Carlton Club, Woolwich Arsenal, and the Bank of England. The idea in blowing up the Carlton Club was to get at the members of Parliament, who meet there in large numbers. After that, when things had quieted down a little, another attempt would be made on the House of Parliament when Parnell was in session.

"This was enough to show me that what I was going to do was right, because, you know, it would not have been fair for me to condemn the man merely on what I had read."

SHE RATHER LIKES JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN.

"What is your real opinion of Rossa as a patriot?"

"Well, personally, I like him very much. I think he is sincere, and I have no doubt that in his family relations he is a very charming man. And then, in one sense of the word, I don't think he is a dynamiter at all. He is a dynamiter at a distance only, but is too softhearted to take part in anything of the sort if he were on the spot. Clear across the Atlantic, the murdering of women and children seems purely unreal, theoretical, and he doesn't mind it. I don't believe he sends over any money, though, not a bit; but he does harm in another way. The people in America have gone crazy about him, and have made him twice as much as he really is. He is an attractive fellow and a good talker, and the class of people with whom he works have deified him and worship him. He advocates, in an off-hand, unsubstantial manner, blowing people up, and the real workers, stimulated by him, do the work. As he is the mover in the thing, it was right he should suffer.

BUT HE WAS SHARP AFTER THE MONEY.

"In order to make the thing look real we had a good deal of wrangling about giving the money, and Rossa entered into it all. I wanted a receipt from him, guaranteeing that the money should be used to blow up people and such works, or I was willing to put the money in the hands of a third person, in trust until the work should be finished. But oh, dear, no; no one but himself must handle the money. Finally he agreed that he would give me the receipt, and when I met him on the day I shot him I had it already written out. It stated in a general way that the money would be used for buying dynamite, exploding buildings, and for helping the cause in general. My original intention was to get him to sign it before I shot him, and thus have the proof of his wickedness over his own signature. But I didn't find it convenient to do this, and so I shot him right away.

"How was the news received in London?" she suddenly asked.

"With great joy. Young men drank your health, and were much delighted."

"Do they know he isn't dead?"

"Yes, and much regret was expressed."

"Ha, ha, ha," cheerily laughed Mrs. Dudley, "it is too bad; but how do you know I wanted to kill him outright?"

SHE CAN SHOOT.

"You should have learned to shoot," suggested the reporter, "and then you would have made a sure thing of it, and passers-by would have been in no danger."

"But," with another laugh, "how do you know I do not know how to shoot? How do you know I am not a better shot than you? If you want to see a proof of my marksmanship, bring me a long-range pistol, and let me shoot at you while you stand against that far wall. But no," reflectively, "I doubt if a long-range pistol even would be sure to strike the mark at that distance.

"And, as far as the passers by were concerned, they were in no danger; I knew what I was doing, and where every bullet was going. But there were no passers by. They were a crowd of scared rabbits. Why, I never saw such a cowardly crowd in my life as when the pistol went off. At one time the rabble pressed too closely around me, while I still held my revolver, which I had been careful to empty. I raised it and pointed it at them, and in a second I had all the room I wanted. They scattered like sheep."

SHE GAVE ROSSA A FAIR CHANCE.

"How many times did you shoot at Rossa?"

"Once; then I hit him, and he fell. I wouldn't shoot after he had fallen; that would have been dishonorable. And no one can say that I didn't act honorably in the matter. How easily I might have killed him, without ever being found out. He would have met me to get the money wherever I wanted him to. I could have met him in the Park, and have shot him there. (Or I could have shot him in Sweeny's Hotel, or I could have poisoned him. There is nothing in the world easier than to kill a man without being found out, if one wants to. But I gave him a fair chance. I didn't know but what he had a revolver, and when he raised himself upon his elbow, I waited by him for two minutes. He had plenty of time then to draw his revolver and shoot, if he wanted too.

SHE SPEAKS IRISH—SO DOES ROSSA, BEAUTIFULLY.

"How is it possible that Rossa could have failed to mistrust you? He must surely have recognized your English accent, and he would suspect dynamite money coming from an Englishwoman?"

"Yes; but he didn't know I was English. Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

"Mrs. Dudley said a great deal more in German, and added, in the choicest brogue:

"Faith, thin, O'can be Oirish whin oi plaze, and divil a wan would doubt me." Then resuming her natural tone with another laugh: "You see, I am not always so very English, and I can speak the pure Irish as well as the brogue. Rossa speaks it beautifully."

"Since you had no personal feeling against Rossa," was asked, "how did you come to select him for a victim?"

"Well, you know I couldn't shoot everybody, and it was necessary to make an example."

"Why not choose Pat Ford, for instance?"

"Oh! he's not as important as Rossa, hasn't as much influence, and doesn't do as much harm. Besides, he's not nearly so well educated as Rossa. Rossa was the best man to select."

"How did Rossa act when you shot him? Did he beg for mercy?"

"Oh! no; he didn't act at all like a coward. He put up his hand and said, as he fell, 'Oh! my God, don't kill me!' He was dazed, and acted as any man would who had been shot."

BUT SHE THINKS HIS POOR BRAIN IS GOING.

"There's a great deal to be said in Rossa's favor, as I told you. He's a mistaken man, sincere, I think, and I hope this will be a lesson to him, if he doesn't die. He's welcome to be patriotic as much as he likes, if he doesn't kill innocent people. The fact is, he is a monomaniac. His imprisonment has weakened his intellect, and he does harm without meaning it, which, of course, is no reason why he should be spared."

Mrs. Dudley seemed to know almost every dynamiter by name; said she had a large acquaintance with them, and at once recognized the name of John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Pilot*, when a long interview with him, in which he told all about her, was read to her. She read the long interview through and then laughed.

"Yes," she said, "every one knows all about me. I've had four husbands, and I'm a widow and single all at once. I'm a maniac and a patriot and a monomaniac and a crank. My husband was Irish army, and so was my grandfather. I become very interesting. But I won't say who or what I am, or why I killed Rossa, or whether any of my friends or relatives were ever killed by dynamite explosions."

SHE IS NOT A BRITISH SPY.

"No, I don't know Mr. or Mrs. Phelan, and I am not and never was employed by the British Government."

"Mrs. Dudley, one parting question. Are you going to lecture when you get out?"

"Yes, sir. But I shall not lecture. I shall write a book. I do not consider the platform the proper place for women. I believe in women's rights, but not that kind."

Mrs. Dudley's answers were cool, and she showed no more, and in fact not as much, excitement as any young lady might in telling how she had murdered a man. She is gazed upon with admiration by the hard-faced women who surround her. And the matrons and keepers talk Rossa talk all day, and have made of her a heroine.

NO SYMPATHY AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

Mr. Pierrepont Edwards, British Consul at New York, denied yesterday that he had taken any steps toward defending the woman who shot Rossa, or that he intended doing so.

"It's simply and purely a matter for the police," he said, "and the Consulate has nothing whatever to do with it."

But many English persons, and Americans as well, sympathize with the woman. Have offers been made on the part of English residents of money or legal services to "secure her acquittal?"

"Not any, that I know of. And if people do sympathize with Mrs. Dudley, I must say that I differ from them. I consider the shooting of Rossa a foolish and unpardonable act."

ROSSA RESENTS ASSASSINATION.

Rossa lay on his right side on his cot in Chambers Street Hospital and shook hands with more than 100 male and female dynamiters. Men and women sat on the vacant cot alongside his couch and talked angrily about England and Mrs. Dudley. Mrs. Rossa arrived early, and a friend suggested that her husband ought to make a formal statement to the newspapers. Rossa consented, and dictated this accusation against England and the British Minister:

I want it to be marked down and remembered that England has inaugurated the work of individual assassination. I want it to be marked down and remembered that emissaries of the English Government are now at work assassinating American citizens on American soil, and I charge that the British Minister to Washington is guilty of conspiracy to assassinate, and if his official position or the toadyism of the Anglo-maniacs will save him from arrest I hope the American people will in their public capacity indict him as guilty of this crime.

The conspiracy in my case is clear and palpable. The telegraphic despatch of Pierrepont Edwards, British Consul, to Patrick Jones, Chief of Police, and Mr. Butts's attention to it and his appearance for the woman at the Tombs Police Court this morning, are most conclusive proof. The House of Representatives, which has power to take the initiative upon all matters of international polity, should at once demand the instant return of Thomas H. Nevil, West to Englishman, as well as make certain demands on England for reparation. Although there are many Englishmen in this country, yet not a hair of their heads has been touched. It is a stringent rule in our organization that no person or thing shall be interfered with in America or in American waters. This rule has been obeyed to the letter, but now that England has transferred assassinations from London and inaugurated them here, I'll wait to see the howl of indignation that will be made in this country, and has been made in England, over cases with which the Americans had nothing whatever to do. It is unnecessary for me to say anything about the Irish sentiment. They see the situation, and no doubt are equal to any emergency that may arise brought about by this war of assassination which England has put in force in this country.

THE DREADFUL TRAP SET FOR ROSSA.

So many people came in that Rossa had no time to eat his dinner.

Mrs. Dudley is an emissary of the English Government," the dynamiter said with a gloomy smile. "I know that for certain."

"She's a villain to try any such thing," cried a woman who sat on the vacant cot."

"You'll have to carry a pistol when you get out, Rossa," another friend said.

"Oh, what's the good of being armed," the dynamiter said with sudden energy. "If anybody is going to kill me she'd do it whether I was armed or not. A pistol would be no good. No, I never carried a weapon and I never will."

Rossa himself then showed the decoy letters from Mrs. Dudley that Patrick Joyce had tried to get for the reporters on Monday night from Rossa's office, but couldn't because the key wouldn't work in the lock. The letter received on Saturday ran:

O'Donovan Rossa.

SIR: I am able and willing to help Ireland, both with money and personal assistance. I want to come to an understanding with you as to what can best be done, so must ask for ten minutes of your valuable time. Being of sex feminine, I object to waiting in a crowded office, and therefore, will you kindly receive me at once? I will await answer.

The message which was sent on Monday and brought Rossa out to be shot was as follows:

If you will meet me now, outside the building, and bring with you my last note, I will give you what I promised. I am in great hurry, so please come as soon as convenient. I am where you met me last time.

They were both written in an Englishwoman's angular hand on pieces of yellow telegraph blanks, and neither was signed. Rossa says he thought when he received the first that it came from Capt. Phelan's daughter, and half made up his mind to ignore it. Then he suddenly changed his mind, cried to Patrick Joyce that he'd show he wasn't afraid of a woman anyhow, and went out and met her. The receipt that Mrs. Dudley wanted him to sign in acknowledgment of the money she said she was going to give to the dynamite cause had a blank space in it, for his signature, and was written on an ordinary slip of writing paper in these words:

I hereby agree to forward to address specified two copies weekly of my paper, the *United Irishman*, and also furnish from time to time such information as I conveniently can regarding the progress of affairs in England, dynamite explosions, &c., and to introduce the giver of the amount of $20 or upward to all the leading meetings held by the followers of the cause.

signed.

"I told Mrs. Dudley that we didn't sign receipts of that kind for money for Ireland's relief," Rossa said, "and I didn't sign it."

It is on the wording of the latter part of the receipt that Rossa, Pat Joyce, and the other dynamiters base their opinion that Mrs. Dudley is an English spy and assassin. They declare that it shows first a perfectly transparent design to get evidence against Rossa, and secondly, a perfectly transparent intention on her part to get into meetings of the dynamiters if she could to report the proceedings to the British Consul here and the Government police on the other side of the water.

Dr. Dennison probed Rossa's wound again yesterday morning for the bullet, but didn't find it. The hospital doctors think it is embedded in some muscle, and will become encysted and make no trouble. "The only danger," Dr. Dennison said, "is from suppuration. That might make the wound troublesome and delay the patient's recovery. No attempt will be made to remove Rossa from the hospital for three days in any event. Rossa himself asked to be allowed to stay that long, even if the wound healed rapidly.

THE DYNAMITE TREASURY PATTENS ON IT.

Dynamiters packed Rossa's editorial den in Chambers street all day. Crowds of curious people gathered on the sidewalk in front of the building, and stared at Rossa's gold-lettered sign. A policeman cleared away the crowd every once in a while when it got so big that it blocked traffic in the street. Pat Joyce sat at Rossa's old desk trying to look after the business of the dynamiter's newspaper. He didn't get a chance to do anything but answer questions all day long, though. Once, in desperation, he shut himself up behind the door and tried to write a poem, but the dynamiters pushed the door open. Little dynamiters, big dynamiters, fat dynamiters, smiling, frowning, handsome, plain, red-headed, gray-headed, and bald-headed dynamiters talked him nearly to death. He fed their patriotic ardor by showing them some of the threatening letters Rossa had been getting.

Secretary Joyce added that more money was received yesterday for the Rossa cause than on any day this year. "This attack on Rossa will fill our treasury full," he said.

CAPT. PHELAN MOVED AWAY FROM ROSSA.

Capt. Phelan was removed last night from the Chambers Street Hospital to the New York Hospital. All his wounds are well, but the doctors say he needs rest. They say he will be able to appear in court at the beginning of next week. Superintendent Parks of the Chambers Street Hospital said last night:

"We were uneasy, Monday night, at having Phelan and Rossa in the hospital together. There was such a throng in at one time that a little thing might have started a big row. If a row were started, there's no telling where it would stop. We didn't fear so much from an occasional struggler slipping past the guard at the door as from the crowd in the outer office."

TRACING MRS. DUDLEY'S MOVEMENTS.

Moses Laing, engineer of the Woman's Hospital, at Fiftieth street and Fourth avenue, saw a young woman looking into the open door of his boiler room, facing East Fiftieth street, early one morning in the early part of last September. She beckoned him to the door and asked him if he thought she could get a position as a nurse in the hospital. She said she had just come off a steamship that morning and that she was an English woman. She said she was a widow and that her name was Dudley. The engineer took her into the hospital and introduced her to Superintendent S. H. Leroy. She found lodgings with Mrs. Hagerman, who lives in the third flat of 105 East Fifty-fifth street. She remained with Mrs. Hagerman until the latter part of October. She had what appeared to be epileptic fits while with Mrs. Hagerman. She became a nurse in Roosevelt Hospital on Oct. 7, 1884, and voluntarily left the hospital on Nov. 19, with her friend Miss Elizabeth Chalmers. Superintendent Lathrop said that Mrs. Dudley gave him Mr. William M. F. Round, 65 Bible House, as her reference. After leaving Roosevelt Hospital she went to Newark. She next obtained employment as a nurse in Dr. F. Gaillard Thomas's hospital, 294 Fifth avenue, where she remained until the latter part of December. She began boarding at Mrs. Leggett's house, at 60 Clinton place, in the fore part of last week.

IS YSEULT DUDLEY A MADWOMAN?

She Tried Twice in England to Kill Herself and was a Year in a Madhouse.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—A careful investigation of Mrs. Dudley's antecedents in England shows that her career has been romantic and adventurous; that she has had frequent fits of insanity, and that during such attacks her mental disorder has generally assumed the form of suicidal mania. Dr. Williams, superintendent of the Haywards Health Insane Asylum in Sussex, said to-day: "The records of the asylum show that Mrs. Dudley was entered as a criminal patient in September, 1883, having attempted suicide by taking morphine and administering chloroform to herself in a railway train travelling from London to Brighton. She remained here nearly twelve months. Her case would be described technically as one of congenital moral insanity. During the first six months of her detention here Mrs. Dudley exhibited symptoms of strong suicidal mania. She had frequent and violent paroxysms, during which the lives of the attendants and of the neighboring patients would have been imperilled if she had not been kept under control. Her likes and dislikes were always extreme. She either loved or hated any person with whom she came into contact. There was no medium between passionate fondness on the one side and bitter, unreasoning hatred on the other. Her she had been here about six months she became less and less subject to the delusions and paroxysms with which she had been afflicted, and she gradually became cured. In August, 1884, she appeared to be quite restored, and was delivered to her friends."

Previous experience in the Sussex Asylum Mrs. Dudley had been incarcerated for a short time in the Millbank prison for the temporary detention of women, also on a charge of attempting suicide by poisoning. The Rev. John Corr, chaplain of the prison, said:

"I remember her very well, and, indeed, I could hardly fail to do so, as I have within a fortnight received a letter from her, dated at New York, in which she expresses her thanks for some little acts of kindness which I was able to do for her here, and states that she is prospering in New York in her occupation as a nurse."

Mrs. Dudley gave her first name as Lucilla at the prison. One of the assistant matrons at the prison said:

"Mrs. Dudley was very eccentric and absolutely fearless. I do not know that she was ever biased politically, but she hated Irishmen, and she quarrelled continually with every Irish official about the place. She frequently defied the prison rules, and occasionally had to be punished for the violation of discipline. Finally the doctors concluded that she was more insane than criminal, and she was discharged in May, 1883."

After Mrs. Dudley's release from the Haywards Health Asylum she joined the Queen Charlotte's Nursing Institute, and soon became known as a clever and capable nurse. She had followed this calling but a short time, however, when another attempt at suicide caused her to be brought as a patient to London Hospital, in Whitechapel road. After her recovery she was employed there as a nurse, and became very intimate with a Sister of Charity known as Sister Charlotte. Sister Charlotte said at the hospital to-day:

"I became very fond of Mrs. Dudley, who has really a lovable disposition when you come to know her. She was a devoted Catholic, had a cultured mind, and was generally cheerful, except that she gave way at times to fits of profound melancholy. I believe that neither her father nor her mother is living. She seemed to be well connected, although I have heard that she was the natural daughter of a French nobleman, and that she had lived with a French officer, by whom she had two children, who died in infancy. How true those stories are I don't know. Mrs. Dudley always said that she had been married, and had lost her husband and two children by death. When she was admitted to the hospital, after trying to kill herself, a letter was found in her pocket saying:

"I cannot stay away any longer from my blue-eyed darlings. I hope to meet them in heaven.

"She always carried with her portraits of her children, locks of their hair, which was silky and golden, and the little shoes and stockings which they had last worn. For some time after she came here she repeatedly threatened to commit suicide, and once she swallowed some opium powder which she had concealed in the lining of her jacket. When she went away she promised me faithfully that she would never again attempt to take her own life."

The police records of the Worship Street Police Court contain this report:

Lucilla Dudley, a lady-like-looking person, aged about 24 years, who described herself as a governess, charged with attempting suicide. A porter on the Great Western Railway deposed that on the arrival of his train at Liverpool street, London, he saw the prisoner (Mrs. Dudley) in a first-class carriage, apparently asleep, with a handkerchief over her face. Removing the handkerchief, witness found her to be insensible. She was holding a bottle labelled "Poison." Mrs. Dudley was removed to a hospital.

She said she was driven to attempt suicide by the loss of her child, which was one year old. A pair of child's shoes and stockings found in her possession tended to corroborate this assertion.

The magistrate said that in view of the fact that the chaplain of the House of Detention said that the prisoner refused to promise not to repeat the offence, he was unable to set her at liberty without two sureties of £25 standing each for her good behavior for three months. Mrs. Dudley demurred at this announcement. She left the court room quietly.

Extra editions of the newspapers containing cable despatches from New York, giving the details of the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa, are selling like wildfire on the streets in every city and town throughout Great Britain. Nearly every person seems jubilant over the announcement that the alleged chief of the dynamiters has had some of his own medicine given him.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S GUESS.

Suggesting that Mrs. Dudley May Be the British Spy Mrs. Tyler.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—John Boyle O'Reilly looked up from his desk in the *Pilot* office this morning to say, with earnestness:

"I believe I know the woman who shot Rossa. I think the circumstances warrant me in suspecting in her a British spy, but in saying so I want to make my position clearly understood. If the so-called Yseult Dudley be really an Englishwoman, and shot Rossa because she believed it her mission and duty so to do, all honor to her. I would not utter a syllable in her detraction. But if, on the contrary, she was employed by the British Government to do this thing, then woe to her and the Government which employed her. It will then be a terrible affair indeed—an affair far more terrible in its results for England than for Ireland."

"How can your suspicion be established, Mr. O'Reilly?"

"By sending to Ireland for the photograph of the Mrs. Tyler whose operations there excited so much comment and indignation in 1884. On Dec. 13, the Dublin correspondent of the *Pilot* wrote these words about a British female spy who had tried to decoy several men in Ireland into dynamite outrages:

"Some time ago I sent you a description of the remarkable female spy, Mrs. Tyler, who tried to entrap James O'Connor and other leading Irishmen here with plans of a dynamitory character. I have good reason to believe she is here again, and it would be as well that Irishmen in America were prepared to hear that such an emissary is on the warpath.

"The 'some time ago' referred to a letter dated Dublin, July 5, 1884. The letter says that about the middle or toward the end of May, 1884, a young lady not unknown in Irish literary circles was in London sight seeing. At the House of Commons she met a lady of distinguished appearance and elegant manners, and a casual conversation then begun ripened into acquaintance. Later on the young Irish lady introduced her acquaintance to Mr. James O'Connor of the *Freeman*, whom they had encountered at Twenty Park races. After this interview my lady somehow managed to meet Mr. O'Connor pretty often, professed an ardent sympathy with Irish patriots, and asked for an introduction to some one in London to whom she could be of service. Mr. O'Connor referred her to Mr. Colbert, and put Colbert on his guard. Colbert entered fully into the spirit of the fun. One day in my lady's drawing room at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, O'Connor found fragments of paper in the grate, one of which bore the date, 'Home Office, London,' and another the address, 'Mrs. Tyler, Gresham Hotel, Dublin.' By this time a splendid system of fooling had been arranged in several choice ways. Men who had no more connection with secret societies than the man in the moon had been got into the ring. Gay dinner parties were arranged, champagne and Havanas were freely handed round, and plots for blowing up Dublin Castle, the Houses of Parliament, and other fabrics discussed with great *gusto* and good humor. The chief actors in this comedy were Mr. O'Connor of the *Irishman*, Mr. Fred Callahan of *Sport*, Mr. P. J. Quinn of the National League, who personated a young dynamiter fresh from America, and Mr. John Clancy, T. C. Mrs. Tyler herself cut short the programme by suddenly disappearing. In her departure a brief statement announcing the success of the hoax appeared in the chief Dublin papers."

DYNAMITERS ABROAD.

The London Police Make Other Arrests—Extradition of Such Criminals.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The police this evening succeeded in making another important arrest in connection with the recent dynamite explosions. The prisoner had been pursued for several days, and was finally run down this afternoon. The brown box which was purchased in Whitechapel and substituted for Cunningham's brown trunk in his Prescott street lodgings, and which mysteriously disappeared from his rooms in Scarboro street immediately after the explosions, was found in the possession of the man arrested this evening. The prisoner was discovered hiding in Whitechapel, not far from the lodgings he occupied by Cunningham. It is said that the police found in the prisoner's possession, besides the brown box, other evidence of a very important nature.

The police arrested a man named Henry Goodyear this morning, and arraigned him upon a charge of lurking about the Clerkenwell House of Detention with the intention of attacking the building with dynamite. The man was remanded for further examination.

The Queen has expressed a desire to contribute from her private purse a sum sufficient to supplement and make effective any reward which the Government may decide to offer for the arrest and conviction of the criminals guilty of the recent dynamite outrages.

SOMETHING EXPLODES.

Burning Rags Found Afterward in the Middle of Delancey Square.

An explosion in Delancey street square, at the foot of Delancey street, threw the people of the neighborhood into a short-lived excitement at 8¼ o'clock last evening. Watchman Peter Wilmot, who was in a shanty near the bulkhead, half a block from the spot where the explosion is supposed to have occurred, says it was louder than any cannon he ever heard, and he has seen service. It was followed by a rattling among the lumber piles as though caused by flying fragments.

The square is a broad paved space like Burling slip, but wider and longer. A huge pile of paving stones is in the centre of the block toward the river, flanked on one side by two old boilers and on the other by a little unoccupied shanty. Carts and trucks stand all around, and there are many piles of lumber along the gutters. These are an overflow from the lumber yards of Herman's furniture factory. The factory buildings and storehouses and stables are the only structures in the square, and the place is lonely and deserted after nightfall.

Policemen Van Ranst and Summers procured a lantern and made a thorough search of the square. No trace of any explosives was found. No windows were broken. Some woollen scraps, ragged and smelling strongly of the stable, were the only things that seemed to be in any way connected with the explosion. They were scorched and smoking, though there was no smell of powder to be detected. They resembled pieces of rag carpet in texture, and, if intentional, were wrapped about the explosive material.

GONE TO THE WILD WEST.

Detectives Scouring the Plains for a Lad who Reads Flash Novels.

CHEYENNE, Feb. 3.—Two detectives arrived from the East two days ago in search of a boy named Shepard, who ran away from New York several weeks ago. Mr. Shepard, it is said here, is a New York banker, and has offered a reward of $10,000 for the safe return of his son. The detectives will separate here, one going to Texas among the cowboys, and the other, after travelling through Wyoming, to Arizona.

The officers say that Fred, who is 11 years old, accumulated a library of sensational literature. A novel was found on his desk at school, open at the place where a young cowboy detective unmasks his father's murderer and carves him into mince meat to quick music while holding the minor villains in subjection with two revolvers held in one hand. Scrawled at the bottom of the page was this:

I'm going West to be a cowboy detective.

Fred's tin savings bank, which must have contained $20 in dimes and quarters, was found broken open and entirely despoiled of its contents. Nobody saw him make his departure, but it was made in the old romantic way of going to sleep early on the plea of a headache and then climbing out of the window. The detectives are urged to activity by the large reward offered and will make a thorough search for the youngster.

GEN. STRONG'S POVERTY.

The Needs of an Old Army Officer Relieved by Charity.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 3.—Brig-Gen. H. N. Strong has been found here, living in most destitute circumstances. He has been taken in charge by the agent of a charitable institution. With President Arthur he studied at Union College, and graduated in 1849. He went through the civil war, and was made a Brigadier-General at the battle of Gainesville while in comand of Morley's division. He is a strong supporter of Gen. Fitz John Porter, who commanded at that battle.

He served as rector of several Episcopalian congregations in different places, the last being at Baton Rouge. He came to Milwaukee in 1880, after having married a beautiful Southern lady thirty years his junior. He is now about 70 years of age. He spoke freely of his reverses of his circumstances, and appears to be very proud. Some measures will be taken for his relief at once.

An Express Train Strikes a Drummer.

NYACK, N. Y., Feb. 3.—Shortly before noon today a buggy containing a New York commercial traveller and driven by Hans Singer of Nyack, attempted to cross the West Shore Railroad track at Tappan. An express train, westward bound, struck and killed the horse, shattered the buggy, and threw the occupants to the ground. Singer was instantly killed. The drummer was badly shaken, but not seriously hurt, and took the next train for New York.

Death of Daniel Boone's Friend.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 3.—Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, aged 100 years 3 months and 21 days, died here this afternoon. He was the father-in-law of Senator-elect U. S. Bingham. Graham was a personal friend of Daniel Boone, and lived and hunted through Kentucky when Louisville consisted of half a dozen log huts.

To Trades Unions.

The composition on *Munro's Library, Munro's Pocket Magazine*, and the New York *Family Story Paper* is all done by hand work. Just think of it.—*Adv.*

WHO KILLED JUDGE FOLGER?

ROSCOE CONKLING WASHES HIS HANDS OF IT IN OPEN COURT.

A History of the Canvass of 1882 in This State, Written by Mr. Folger Lost from Among the Effects of Hugh Hastings.

The interest in the Hastings will contest before Surrogate Rollins yesterday centred in a letter said to have been written by Secretary Folger at the request of Hugh Hastings, in which Judge Folger related in detail the history of his nomination for Governor of this State and of the causes which led to his defeat. The President is said to be mentioned in the letter in an uncomplimentary way. The original letter, it is supposed, was among the late Hugh Hastings's papers. A copy was made by John Hastings for Secretary Folger at the Secretary's request. This copy is supposed to be now among the effects of Secretary Folger. The original letter has disappeared. Hugh Hastings's widow collected his papers and gave them to Mr. Knevals of Knevals and Ransom, recently law partners of President Arthur. Mr. Knevals turned them over to the lawyer now representing the will. The original document cannot be found. Mr. Knevals says he never saw the letter.

Hugh Hastings, nephew of the late Hugh Hastings, a witness on Monday, was recalled yesterday. He remembered, he said, that in one of his conversations with Judge Folger about a sum of $15,000, left by Mr. Hastings, whether it should go to the widow or the nephews, Judge Folger characterized the other side as a hard lot and damned scoundrels.

"What did he mean by the 'other side?'" asked Roscoe Conkling for the nephews.

"He referred to ex-Alderman Van Schaick and Mr. Knevals."

In cross-examination Lawyer Ransom asked for the whole conversation between the witness and Judge Folger. Mr. Conkling objected, and Mr. Ransom argued that it was only justice to Judge Folger's memory to bring out all that was said.

"I am not interested in the defence here of Judge Folger," said ex-Senator Conkling. "I have known him for thirty years. I can understand how my friend," looking in the direction of Mr. Knevals, "can be interested in Judge Folger's memory. I did not coax and persuade Judge Folger," with a strong emphasis on the I, "to become a candidate for the Governorship of this State and then stab him in the back, break his heart, and drag him to the grave. As to the question at law here, I can understand that, after he had accepted the position of arbitrator and one side had repudiated his decision, he then did say the other side, the side that refused to accept his decision, were a hard lot."

The witness in his cross-examination said that he went to see Judge Folger in February, 1884, after Mr. Hastings's death. Many important papers in his uncle's effects had been destroyed, and the witness wanted to begin a prosecution against the person who had destroyed them. Judge Folger advised him not to get up a scandal, but to wait for a final account of his uncle's estate. Afterward, hearing that there was to be a legal fight over the will, the witness employed Judge Folger as counsel for the nephews.

To ex-Senator Conkling the witness said: "Judge Folger told me that among the papers in the possession of my uncle, Hugh Hastings, at his death were some of great interest to him. Nothing was said about recompensing Judge Folger."

"I brought out that reply," ex-senator Conkling said, "because I have been written to by members of the family who think that as Judge Folger spent much time and thought on this case, the Hastings estate should pay something to the Folger estate. I leave it with your Honor."

Scott Smith, Washington correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, testified that Judge Folger, whom he saw every day, told him that he, Judge Folger, had been agreed on by both parties in the Hastings case as arbitrator, and had been surprised that Mr. Knevals consented. At Judge Folger's suggestion the witness wrote to Mr. Knevals, and received Judge Folger for the arrest of Fred Walbaum of Houston street and the Bowery, Ed Crosby of 31 Chatham street, and Wm. Corrigan, a clerk in the pool rooms and president of this city. Coming to New York with the warrants the constables found Crosby and Walbaum at 21 Chatham street and Corrigan at his residence, and arrested them. Crosby and Walbaum, it is said, fought with the constables, who were forced to go at the point of the pistol. The constables compromised by taking them to the City Hall police station. To learn the offer the men could be taken out of the county on the warrants. The Sergeant said the warrants were effective, and the prisoners were taken before Justice Newton, in Gravesend. They furnished $500 bail each to appear before Justice Newton in Gravesend, on the 9th inst. Anthony Comstock instigated the raid.

A Pyramid of Ice.

PARKER'S GLEN, N. Y., Feb. 3.—J. F. Kilgour has erected a fountain here which throws water to a height of sixty feet. During the cold weather the water has been allowed to run, and has been freezing until a pyramid of solid ice fifty feet high has been formed. The pyramid is about 100 feet in diameter at the base and about 10 at the apex. It is a rare and very beautiful sight, and people are flocking to see it.

District Attorney Ridgway's Case.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—Henry C. Benter and Mr. Simmons to-day asked Gov. Hill's permission to present supplementary charges against District Attorney Ridgway of King's county. At the Governor's suggestion they determined to consolidate and verify their charges, as was done in Sheriff Davidson's case. The Governor will then fix a day for a hearing.

Sullivan will Go Abroad.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—John L. Sullivan says, in response to Paddy Ryan's challenge to fight him at any time, for any amount: "I have no response to make to Mr. Ryan, as I have retired from the ring and boxing exhibitions till after my return from England."

Another Gas Explosion.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 3.—By an explosion of natural gas to-night, Mrs. Sarah Fankuch was quite seriously burned and her residence in South Eleventh street was shaken to pieces. Gas Commissioner Lyon to-night decided to proceed against the Pennsylvania Fuel Gas Company to compel it to remove its defective pipes.

Moving Into the Stewart Building.

On May 1 the head offices of the West Shore Railroad Company, or rather of Receivers Russell and Houston, will be removed from the Mills building in Broad street to the remodelled Stewart store at Broadway and Chambers street.

ADRIFT IN A STEAMSHIP.

Plenty of Fruit to Eat, but No Definite Means of Getting to Land.

The steamship Castleford of Liverpool spent the holidays sailing around in the Mediterranean Sea and collecting raisins, olives, grapes, oranges, lemons, and other kinds of fruit for the people of New York. Capt. Sibthorpe and his crew of twenty-six sailed from Palermo on Jan. 9 for New York. They expected to get here yesterday. The steamship isn't much over a year old, and it belongs to the Castle line, owned by Thomlinson, Thompson & Co. of Liverpool. Its net tonnage is 2,000, and it is 321 feet long. On Jan. 14 the propeller wheel got clogged with some floating wreckage and snapped, and was lost.

The vessel has a full schooner-rigging mast and sails, but that wasn't enough to travel with. Their signals waved until Jan. 21, when Capt. H. Hammond of the steamship Regina, in ballast from Sonderland to New York, saw them. He spliced his own hawser to that of the Castleford's, to give more play, and then cautiously started. The hawser broke. It was spliced twice afterward, but it broke each time he began to tow the disabled vessel. It was now midnight, and a storm was rising. The Regina then sailed away on her course. It had no proper towing gear. The Regina got into Atlantic dock, Brooklyn, yesterday. In the afternoon Capt. Hammond said:

"We